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[Translated for this Journal, from the French of P. SCUDO.]

#### The Great Contralto Singers—Alboni.

The female *contralto*, as a solo voice, first rose to importance with the music of ROSSINI. The GAFORINI, the MALANOTTE, the MARCOLINI, the MARIANI, Mme. PISARONI, Mme. PASTA and Mme. MALIBRAN:—these are the principal representatives of that group of *contralti*, which exercised so remarkable an influence upon Rossini's talent. To this group too ALBONI must be added.

Of these great singers, some personify the serious, others the comic side of the Italian genius. And some there are so marvellously endowed, that they succeed in both kinds. The first of them all, in chronological order, the GAFORINI, excelled particularly in the *buffo* music. Elisabeta Gaforini was one of the most charming virtuosos of the commencement of the nineteenth century. She shone in Italy, and in the principal cities of Europe, through nearly the period from 1796 to 1815. She possessed a very supple and very sonorous contralto voice, which went up to F, and down to A. She was particularly admired in the *Dama Soldata* of Federici, in the *Ser Marc' Antonio* of Pavesi, and in *Il Ciabatino*.

The name of ADELAIDE MALANOTTE is consecrated by the memory of an immortal masterpiece. Rossini found the Malanotte, in 1813, at Venice, where she had come recommended by some successes obtained in public concerts and in secondary theatres. He wrote for her the

rôle of Tancredi. From that time the fame of the Malanotte spread with éclat throughout all Italy, and her name lives there yet under the shadow of the happy and brilliant genius, of whom she was the favorite singer and whose immortal glory she inaugurated. Uniting all the graces of the woman to a powerful, pure and facile contralto voice, the Malanotte sang with as much force as feeling, and knew how to combine the gracefulness of fancy with the most pathetic movements. It was she, who, not contented with the first air which the young maestro wrote for her, required another and furnished occasion, by this caprice of a *prima donna assoluta*, for the creation of the famous cavatina: *Tu che accendi*, which the whole world knows by heart. When, in the beautiful duo between Tancredi and Argerio, the Malanotte, brandishing her sword, launched forth that incomparable phrase: *Il vivo lampo di questa spada!* she wrung from the whole house cries and bursts of enthusiasm. Little did they foresee the sad end in reserve for her. After some years of triumph and intoxication, the marvellous *cantatrice*, for whom was composed the air: *Di tanti palpiti e di tanti pene*, . . . that hymn of youth and of love which she probably inspired, the Malanotte died forsaken and almost crazy at the age of forty-seven years.

The Italian *buffo* music found in MARIETTA MARCOLINI, as in the Gaforini, a worthy and a charming interpreter. Marietta Marcolini began to be distinguished as a singer about 1805. Her beautiful contralto voice, which at the furthest went only to F sharp, was of a surprising flexibility. Rossini first had occasion to know her in 1811, at Bologna, where, at the age of nineteen, he wrote for her the *Equivoco Stravagante*. In 1812 he found her again at Milan, and composed for her the *Pietra del Paragone*; then, in 1813, *l'Italiana in Algeri* at Venice, in the same year and same city which saw the birth of his *Tancredi*. The Marcolini was a delicious singer in the *opera buffa*. She had a *brio*, a transporting fervor, an amiable and facile gaiety, which radiated like the light and became contagious. The *arie di bravura*, written to her order, which terminate *la Pietra del Paragone*, and *l'Italiana*, remain like sweet witnesses to the admirable flexibility of her voice and to the happy ascendancy which she knew how to acquire over the genius of the first dramatic composer of our time.

A wholly different vocation summoned the PISARONI to the interpretation of the tragic

master-pieces of Rossini. BENEDETTA-ROSAMONDA PISARONI was born at Piacenza in 1793. After learning music under the direction of an obscure master of her native city, she took lessons in singing of the famous Marchesi, who taught her the principles of the beautiful school of the eighteenth century. When she made her *début*, at the age of eighteen, in the rôles of the Griselda and the Camilla of Paër, Mme. Pisaroni had a high soprano voice. After a severe illness which she had towards the year 1813, she lost several notes in the upper register, while the low tones acquired a powerful and unexpected sonorousness. Then she found herself obliged to sing the parts written for the contralto, and became one of the greatest singers of her time. Mme. Pisaroni redeemed the inequality of her voice by a *grandiose* and *portamento* style, which recalled the large manner of Pachierotti and Guadagni (male sopranos in the latter part of the eighteenth century.) She came to Paris in 1827, and made her *début* in the rôle of Arsace in *Semiramide*. The whole house was transported with enthusiasm, at hearing Mme. Pisaroni exclaim with a formidable voice: *Eccomi in Babilonia!* She was equally admirable in the duet with Assur: *E dunque vero, audace?* and in that of the second act between Semiramis and Arsace: *Eh! ben a te ferisci?* She proved to Mme. MALIBRAN that youth, voice, energy, and even the suddenness of genius cannot always compete advantageously against a style simple, grand and true. Rossini wrote for Mme. Pisaroni the part of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago*, and afterwards the part of Ricciardo in *Ricciardo et Zoraida*.

It was also a talent wonderfully fitted to translate the serious creations of Rossini, which was admired in Judith Negri, so celebrated under the name of Mme. PASTA. Born at Como of an Israelite family, in 1798, she at first studied music in a little school very obscure, and was then admitted to the Conservatory of Milan, at that time under the direction of Asioli. Her thick, unequal, muffled *mezzo-soprano* voice was with great difficulty rendered supple, and Mme. Pasta never was completely mistress of this rebellious organ. Her first trial was at an amateur theatre, and her next at the theatre in Brescia. She came to Paris for the first time in 1816, and here passed entirely without recognition. It was only at the beginning of the year 1822 that the reputation of Mme. Pasta spread in Europe. Handsome, intel-

ligent, impassioned, she made up for the imperfections of her organ by incessant labor, by a noble, tender, learned style. A tragic actress of the first order, whose elegant and true gesture Talma himself admired, she submitted her least inspirations to the control of a refined taste, and trusted nothing to hap-hazard. Her intonations and her pauses were arranged beforehand. No one has sung the rôle of Tancredi at Paris, like Mme. Pasta. She was sublime in the Romeo of Zingarelli, and, in the Nina of Paisiello, she recalled the celebrated Coltellini and the prodigies of the great century of Art.

It is well known that very opposite qualities placed Mme. MALIBRAN in the first rank of the great dramatic singers of the nineteenth century. The daughter of the tenor Garcia had received with life a whole heritage of passions. Endowed with an extended and nervous voice, which went up to the C in *alt* of the sopranos, and down to the F of the contraltos, she found nothing too difficult for her audacious and her marvellous facility. She sang all rôles and all kinds; arch in the Rosina of the "Barber of Seville," impassioned in the Desdemona of *Otello*, she had the ambition, the ardor, the éclat and the inequalities of genius. Taken altogether, her talent admirably sums up the most diverse instincts and the rarest faculties of the great Italian singers. To no one else has it been given to unite, with so much brilliancy and spontaneity, the tragic passion and the *buffo* verve. In this singular duality reside the originality of Mme. Malibran and her true title to glory.

A lively interest given to the *buffo* music, and the laying down with power and with effect the bases of interpretation of the masterpieces of tragic music:—such, we have seen, are the great results which assign to certain modern *cantatrici* a very special place in the annals of the Italian art. To-day there is no longer the same part to fill. There is no longer a great school requiring furtherance through its stages of development; this school is formed, it has produced its *chefs-d'œuvre*, its revolution is accomplished; but to this so fruitful movement a sad reaction has succeeded: the worship of instrumentation tends everywhere to supplant that of song. In view of these tendencies, the interpretation of the masterpieces of the beginning of this century becomes again *apropos*; only it is less favored by the general sympathies. A struggle becomes necessary, in the name of the finest traditions of the art, against what is sought to be substituted for them. The mission of the singer becomes more difficult, but it gains also in importance. Never has the condition of music more imperiously demanded that the art of singing should find inspired defenders in talents of a select order; never has the orchestra so energetically disputed with Melody the place which the composers of the eighteenth century had conquered for her. It is in the midst of such a situation that a singer has presented herself, who is the heiress of the method which, from the very creation of the lyric drama, has made illustrious so many Italian virtuosos. One may imagine, then, with what curiosity and what interest the débuts of Mlle. ALBONI must have been regarded.

Rossini had not disdained to watch over the musical education of the young *cantatrice*. They say, he repeated to her, as he persuaded her to go upon the stage, the words of old Porpora to

his pupil, the famous Cafarelli: "Go, my daughter, you are now the first singer in Europe. Imitate no one, do just the contrary of what you shall hear done around you, and you may then be certain of walking in the way of salvation." This word vividly describes the difficult and brilliant part which might belong, among the modern singers, to Mlle. Alboni.

MARIETTA ALBONI was born in a little city of Romagna. Her voice is a veritable contralto of the most sweet and most sonorous. It goes down to F in the bass cleff and up to the C in *alt* of the soprano; that is to say, it traverses a compass of two octaves and a half. The first register commences with the F in the bass and reaches to the same note in the *medium*: here lies the real body of Alboni's voice, and the admirable *timbre* of this register colors and characterizes all the rest. The second register extends from the G of the *medium* to the F above; and the remaining compass of a fourth above that, forming the third portion, is but an elegant sumptuousness of nature. One must hear, to conceive with what incredible skill the artist uses this magnificent instrument! It is the pearly, light and fluid vocalization of Persiani, joined to the brilliancy and pomp of style of Pisaroni. Nothing can give an idea of this voice always united, always equal, which vibrates without effort and of which each note opens like a rose-bud. No cry, no pretended dramatic contortion, to bruise and wound your tympanum under the pretext of moving you to tears!—as if a verse of Virgil or of Racine, which easily penetrates to the heart, were the less true or the less beautiful for that. No doubt, the admirable voice of Mlle. Alboni is not without some imperfections; it counts several notes that are feeble and slightly dull, as *sol*, *la*, *si*, *do*, notes which serve as the transition between the chest voice, of an unparalleled beauty, and the register of sounds formed above the larynx, commonly called the *head tones*. When the singer is not careful, this little *heath* enlarges, and these notes appear a little stifled. It is quite evident that the *virtuosa* glides over this little *bridge of sighs* with all sorts of precautions, and that she evinces a satisfaction when she arrives at a real tone of her contralto voice, which she makes leap out and vibrate with so much the more sonorousness. Frequently she contrasts these two registers with an exquisite taste, balancing herself lightly on the mixed note before bounding upon the *terra firma* of her chest voice, which she governs with a supreme authority. We have heard her make a gamut from the C in *alt* down to F in the bass; this gamut flew before the ear with the rapidity of lightning, without your losing a single note, and all this was done with an unconcern entirely hopeless for mediocrity.

When Mlle. Alboni appeared at the Opera some months since (Paris, Oct. 1849), she excited a general enthusiasm. In spite of her prodigious success then, in four concerts, with two or three pieces chosen to bring out the marvellous qualities of her voice and of her vocalization, there was still some fear lest this admirable virtuoso should prove less brilliant on the stage, in a dramatic action demanding more force and variety. This fear soon passed away. Mlle. Alboni made her début at the Théâtre-Italien in the character of Arsace in Rossini's *Semiramide*. There she displayed the same superior qualities of the *cantatrice* and certain fine shades of style which the

action of the stage brought out for the first time. Thus, she is admirable in the duet of the first act: *Serbami ognor*, and in the Andante of the aria which she sings at the commencement of the second act, after having learned the name of her father: *In sì barbara sciagura*. Her incomparable voice and her tender style draw tears from the most hardened hearts; and with what elegance, what penetrating emotion she exhales that adorable phrase: *Or che il ciel ti rende il figlio*, in the duo of the second act!

Undoubtedly Alboni is not a tragedian like Mme. Pasta, nor even like Mme. Grisi. In this exquisite talent of her's, one might desire a little more force, a little more emphasis and depth. She has not brought out with sufficient energy the recitative in the first act: *Eccomi alfine in Babilonia!* which Mme. Pisaroni pronounced with so much majesty and amplitude, and we have also found her a little soft in the duet with Assur: *E dunque vero, audace*. The syllable, a little too much caressed and allowed to die away by the singer, was not articulated neatly enough. The part of Cinderella, which Mlle. Alboni took up after that of Arsace, is infinitely more favorable to her, in that it requires less of passion and dramatic contrasts than of vocal grace and flexibility. Since Mlle. Mombelli, who, in 1823, first revealed to a Parisian public the beauties of this delicious score of Rossini, and who made herself especially remarkable by the *brio* and the vigor which she displayed in the finale of the first act and in the admirable sextuor of the second, no Italian singer has ever sung the part of Cinderella with so much charm and suavity as Mlle. Alboni. I know very well that a rigorous criticism might demand more *verve*, more comic sharpness and vivacity; but it seems to me that the expression of a leaping, flashing gaiety is as foreign to the nature of her talent as the cry of grief. Mlle. Alboni delights in the temperate regions, in the style of half-character, which allows her to unfold, without effort, all the delicacies of her incomparable organ. If you would have an idea of a perfect vocalization joined to one of the most beautiful contralto voices that have ever existed, you must hear Alboni sing the final air in *la Cenerentola*:

Non più mesta  
A canto al fuoco. . .

The part of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago* will add nothing to the reputation of the *cantatrice*. In this new creation, Mlle. Alboni has displayed, as in the *Cenerentola* and in the *Semiramide*, more grace and sweetness than dramatic energy. Whatever the imperfections which we have had to remark in her talent, Mlle. Alboni is a singer of the first order and of the great school of the nineteenth century, which has produced the Gaforinis, the Malanottes, the Marcolinis, the Pisaronis. Endowed with a certainty of taste which Malibran might have envied, superior perhaps to Pasta in the charm of style, possessing a voice of greater compass and less unequal than that of Pisaroni, MARIETTA ALBONI is an eminent virtuoso, who will leave another great name in the history of Art. That melodious music, the calm and serene expression of love, which we meet in certain composers of the eighteenth century and in some of the operas of Rossini, could not, we believe it, have a more delicate interpreter.

PERGOLESE. We returned to sleep at Portici; the next morning, we had an excellent breakfast



of ham, fresh figs, and a bottle of lagrima Christi. After discussing which, Fleming and myself mounted our donkeys, and, accompanied by our guides, began the ascent of Mt. Vesuvius. We passed through fields covered with fig and mulberry trees, and our guide pointed out the favorite retreat of Pergolese, the great composer. Here he was said to indulge his fatal tendency to melancholy; yet, perhaps, had he not been of that melancholy temperature, he would not have composed his celebrated "Stabat Mater dolorosa," or his intermezzo, "La Serva Padrona," both of which I heard with such delight at Naples.

He died at the early age of twenty-seven; it was supposed by poison, given by a brother composer, jealous of his transcendent talents.

I never heard the following truly poetic lines, written by Mr. Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory, set to music and sung with exquisite pathos by my ever lamented friend Mrs. Crouch, without thinking of poor Pergolese's untimely death.

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,  
You cannot chase my gloom away,  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Ah! did you know what pensive pleasure  
Rends my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Monarchs are too poor to buy."

Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.

### SONTAG-IANA.

We have already translated for our readers the history of the great German singer's career, by SCUDO, with his own warm but discriminating estimate of her artistic qualities. We have also given the evidently quite unprofessional impression of the lady correspondent of the *Intelligencer*. The following, from different sources, may pass also for what they are worth.

1. In a late number of the *Courier des Etats Unis* there is an appreciation of her by no less a critic than HECTOR BERLIOZ. The essential part of it is as follows:

"She unites all the qualities—although not in an equal degree—all like to find in an artist: sweetness never surpassed, agility almost fabulous, expression, and the most perfect intonation. On she carols, higher and higher, like a lark at 'heaven's gate,' so soft, so clear, so wonderfully distinct that, like the silver bell from the altar, it is heard through the pealing organ. But her principal merit, in our eyes, is the absence of 'rant'—the substitute of genius—in any shape whatever. She always SINGS, and does not depend on mere strength of lungs—erroneously called 'power.' She never strains her delicate organ—that sweet instrument so susceptible of every shade of expression. How fortunate for our young singers that, like the nuns in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, she left the tomb of the seven ancestors, bestowed by the King of Prussia upon the Countess de Rossi, to teach them the wide difference between singing and screaming, and to show how we all, during the last ten years, have been listening to, and adoring false prophets."

2. The *Tribune* translates from the New York *Allgemeine Zeitung* part of "an elaborate article copied from the writings of BÖRNE, for years the most influential of recent German authors and the writer of the well-known *Letters from Paris*, describing the first appearance of Sontag, many years since, before the honest-hearted and enthusiastic people of Southern Germany." The scene of the description is Frankfort:

"In truth, since I have myself heard the enchantress, I am bewitched like the others and no longer know what I say. But as in the twilight of a dream I remember, that before my soul's

transmigration, I was of the opinion that we Germans, who are so hard to rouse into enthusiasm, who begin to be intoxicated when others are getting over their headache—it was my opinion that we ought not to yield up our virgin hearts to the first charming apparition. I remember I held it to be thoughtless extravagance. But now I think otherwise, and I say: It is lovely; let us enjoy the moment, and why refuse to enjoy it? why sacrifice it to the future? Who knows how long it will be before we are again permitted thus loudly to utter our admiration and pay our homage to a divinity of our own free choice, and not imposed on us by accident? And now I desire to praise this enchantress, who has transformed an entire nation; but where shall I find the words? Even the endless array of mere paper words that we have created in Frankfort since our senses were taken from us, even these are exhausted. One might offer a prize of a hundred ducats for the invention of a new adjective, never before employed, and nobody could gain the prize.

"The several judges have given their verdict; her charming person, her playing, her singing, can be compared to every thing that is lovely, for such a union of all these gifts of Nature and Art was never found in any other singer. To this, also, I assent, though the rareness of this union did not delude me; for with all my efforts I could not see and hear her at the same time, and I had to think of her points of excellence one by one, together, in order to arrive at the sum of her worth. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, that what could raise the whole of a German work-day city into such festal excitement, without the command of either the almanac or the police, must be something admirable, something beautiful. To praise our songstress, then, let me speak of the excitement she has produced, for such universal intoxication, even if not to the credit of the drinker, is to the glory of the wine.

"Even the Jews experienced a slight dizziness, and when at the Exchange you heard them speak of Eighths and Quarters, you were doubtful whether they meant musical beats or per cents. The price of tickets to the theatre was doubled, a thing unheard of, for we Frankforters, rich as we are, regard every unusual expense as intolerable. Spectators poured along in vast crowds, not merely the inhabitants of the town, not merely the people of the neighboring cities; but from a distance, from Cologne and Hanover, came flocks of strangers. It was like the Olympian games. An Englishman who could not get a place in the boxes wanted to take the entire parquette, and when told it was impossible, gave loud vent to his astonishment at this strange Continental scrupulosity. A young man came on foot from Wiesbaden, a distance of sixteen miles, and arrived just as the house was opened; with great difficulty he procured a seat, but was good enough to give it up to a wearied lady; he stood up, fainted before the performance began, and, as there was no place for him to fall, he was carried lifeless in the fainting-fit, from hand to hand, to the door; he recovered just as the curtain fell on the last act, and walked back to Wiesbaden the same night. An inhabitant of the city was so exhausted by the closeness and the heat, that he had to go home, and died the same evening. We have heard of other injuries and maladies, and of persons who were obliged to keep their beds for many days. Through the whole time, *The Intelligencer* was filled with advertisements of lost chains, rings, bracelets, veils, and other articles which ladies lose in a crowd. On the first day of Sontag's appearance, I went to the optician's to get my opera-glass, which had been left to be repaired, and he had to look for it among fifty others left there for the same purpose.

"The house was opened two hours earlier than usual, but long before that, the great square in front was crowded and jammed with people. Expectation was raised to its highest apex; the excitement was intense and keen. Until I experienced the reality, it seemed impossible that such extravagant anticipations could be satisfied.

But all who were there confessed that Mlle. Sontag far exceeded all they had looked for. A magical, indescribable grace accompanies all the movements of this singer, and we are in doubt whether to regard her acting or her singing as the lovely ornament of a perfect beauty. In comic parts she always preserves that womanly tact, which is so easily violated on the boards, and in serious ones a dignity which is at once touching and commanding. On the first night we forgot the senseless text of Rossini's *Otello*; we saw and heard the Desdemona of Shakspeare. In a simple ballad which speaks to the heart she is admirable, as in the most ornate cavatina which delights the ears. We saw old men weeping, something which no trick of artificiality, though never so unequalled and incomparable, could produce. Her low notes, her wonderful trills, runs and cadenzas, resemble the charming, childlike ornaments on a Gothic edifice, which serve to moderate the solemnity of lofty arches and pillars, but never violate or degrade that solemnity. The inspiration produced by Henrietta Sontag as Desdemona, resembles the Greek fire that could not be extinguished."

3. The following personal notice of Mme Sontag is given by the authoress of the "Letters from the Baltic."

"Let me revert more particularly to one of the fairest ornaments, both in mind and person, which our party possesses, whose never-clouded name is such favorite property with the public as to justify me in naming it—I mean the Countess Rossi. The advantages which her peculiar experience and knowledge of society have afforded her, added to the happiest *naturel* that ever fell to human portion, render her exquisite voice and talent—both still in undiminished perfection—by no means her chief attraction in society. Mme. Rossi could afford to lose her voice to-morrow, and would be equally sought. True to her nation, she has combined all the *Liebeshwürdigkeit* of a German with the witchery of every other land. Mme. Rossi's biography is one of great interest and instruction, and, it is to be hoped, will one day appear before the public. It is not generally known that she was ennobled by the King of Prussia, under the title of Mlle. de Launstein; and since absolute will, it seems, can bestow the past as well as the present and future, with seven *Ahnherren*, or forefathers—'or eight,' said the Countess, laughing, 'but I can't remember.' And though never disowning the popular name of Sontag, yet in respect for the donor, her visiting cards, when she appears in Prussia, are always printed *née de Launstein*. We were greatly privileged in the enjoyment of her rich and flexible notes in our private circle, and, under her auspices, an amateur concert was now proposed for the benefit of the poor in Reval.

"The rehearsals were merry meetings, and when our own bawling was over, Mme. Rossi went through her songs as scrupulously as the rest. I shall never forget the impression she excited one evening. We were all united in the great ball-room at the Governor's Castle in Reval, which was partially illuminated for the occasion, and having wound up our last noisy '*Firmament*' we all retreated to distant parts of the salle, leaving the Countess to rehearse the celebrated scena from the *Freischütz* with the instrumental parts. She was seated in the midst, and completely hidden by the figures and desks around her. And now arose a strain of melody and expression which thrills every nerve to recall;—the interest and pathos creeping gradually on through every division of this most noble and passionate of songs—the gloomy light—the invisible songstress—all combining to increase the effect, till the feeling became almost too intense to bear. And then the horn in the distance, and the husky voice of suppressed agony, whilst doubt possessed her soul, chilled the blood in our veins, and her final *Er ist's, Er ist's*, was one of agony to her audience. Tears, real tears, ran down cheeks, both fair and rough, who knew not and cared not that they were there; and not until the excitement had subsided did I feel that

my wrist had been clenched in so convulsive a grasp by my neighbor as to retain marks long after the siren had ceased. I have heard Schröder and Malibran, both grand and true in this composition, but neither searched the depth of its passionate tones, and with it the hearts of the audience, so completely as the matchless Madame Rossi."

**A DROLL MOTIVE TO MUSICAL AMBITION.**  
Michael Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, has the following confession:

"Trifling occurrences during childhood often influence our future lives. I recollect once, when returning from a visit to a relation of my mother's, I saw Sig. St. Giorgio enter a fruit-shop; he proceeded to eat peaches and nectarines, and at last took a pine apple, and deliberately sliced and ate that. This completed my longing, and while my mouth watered, I asked myself why, if I assiduously studied music, I should not be able to earn money enough to lounge about in fruit-shops, and eat peaches and pine apples, as well as Signor St. Giorgio. I answered myself by promising that I would study hard; and I really did so;—and, trifling as this little anecdote may appear, I firmly believe it was the chief cause of my serious resolution to follow up music as a profession; for my father had other views for me."

### Our Landscape Painters.

A correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth*, writing from the beautiful village of North Conway, near the White Mountains, gives the following:

"The village stands on a high bank which bounds the 'intervale' of the Saco—a broad, green meadow stretching over to the river, bordered with beautiful trees, beyond which rise the *Chocorua*, *Mote Mountain* and the *White Horse Ledge*. No fences mar this beautiful expanse; it is dotted here and there with a clump of elms; here and there a patch of oats or other grain varies the hue; and half-way over you may see a wagon filled with hay, with the hay-makers around it. The river flows over a pebbly bottom in a clear stream of two feet deep, reflecting beautifully in the smoother portions of its surface, the varied and ever changing hues of the beautiful trees that shade the grassy bank, or that, uprooted by some fresher of early spring, hang from the bank and trail their leafy honors in the stream. Every part of this river is a picture as exquisite as Nature can paint; and there is a noble army of our native artists who improve every day of their stay here in fixing on canvas the beautiful little nooks, the charming corners of rivers and mountain scenery around them. Here are Champney, Gerry, and Hoyt, Brackett, Wild and others, busy in their vocation; and many are the beautiful sketches and pictures that are the result of their summer rambles. Why should our so-called lovers of art, in our cities, waste their money and corrupt their taste and that of their children, by buying abominable copies of abominable old pictures of older masters, which even if good, few of them either understand or appreciate, when men of talent and genius such as those I have named, are occupied in the production of the most charming landscapes, making familiar to so many the scenes so dear to those who come here to live a short time among them. Go into Balch's—any one who doubts that these men can paint good pictures (if any such there be) and look at a landscape by Champney which has been long waiting a purchaser—a charming snatch of the scenery of the intervale of the Saco—of meadow and trees. Those are the pictures for us, and not the indifferent copies of the smoke-dried relics of antiquity. This picture is one of many, and many more will be the result of this summer's work among these hills. Every thing around you here is full of beauty; every glimpse from your window, a picture. The *Great Kearsarge* towers above you on the one side, *Chocorua* on the other; and, dim in the

distance, sometimes hardly to be distinguished in its outline from the clouds that surround it, is the old patriarch of the Chrystal Hills, Mount Washington. The finest rural walks you may find but a stone's throw from your door, and at almost every turn you may come across some artist, under his white umbrella, with canvas on his easel, and palette in his hand, hard at work. Yesterday, your correspondent thus stumbled unexpectedly on Gerry and Hoyt in one of these exquisite nooks, and watched for a while, their progress, as the beautiful picture of a mountain-brook, bridged by fallen birch trees, with a glimpse of the distant little village beyond the green intervale, was transferred by their hands, to the canvas."

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

### THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells,  
Beneath an arch of blue,  
Where sky and wave together meet,  
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,  
Nor sea-bird poised on high;  
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,  
The nursling of the sky.

With soft caressing touch, the wind  
In summer round it play'd;  
And murmuring through its tiny caves,  
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet  
With mountain perfume, brought  
A changeful robe of emerald moss,  
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,  
The little islet grew;  
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;  
Its drink the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars looked forth,  
Each from his watch-tower high,  
And smiled a loving blessing down,  
Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles  
A moment settled there;  
And from their plumage shook the seeds,  
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants  
Rose up amidst the dearth—  
Bloom'd, died, and dropped upon the soil,  
Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed; a hundred trees  
Graced that once barren strand;  
A hundred ships its produce bore  
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart  
A germ of good is sown,  
Whose strivings upward to the light  
Are seen by God alone.

[Extract from a letter of LOWELL MASON.]

### Church Music in Frankfort, Germany.

All the churches have organs, but there is no choir in any of them, so that the singing is, as in most other German places, exclusively congregational. Of the several specimens we have heard, the best, perhaps, was at the Reformed Church. The building is in good taste and convenient, being in size and form much like one of our larger city churches. It is quite free, however, from all those appearances of finery, or attempts at display or show, which we sometimes see in our American churches, and which are always unbecoming; while on the other hand, there is nothing of the rudeness or coarseness which is to be seen in some of the Swiss Churches. It seats, probably from 1200 to 1500 persons, and was, when we were present, quite full. The centre of the house, below, was occupied by women; and the outside or wall slips, by men. The galleries, on both sides,

were occupied exclusively by men. The Organ is large, extending nearly across the end of the house; one man (precentor) leads the singing, aided by some twenty girls and boys, whose voices could hardly be heard. The organ was played in fine church style, dignity, elevation and firmness. It is certainly a great relief to hear these German Organs (or many of them) played without the least attempt at showing off stops, or at that prettiness which seeks to please or tickle, without elegance or grandeur; and also entirely free from an ever-continued and sickening seesaw of the swell, thought to be so exquisitely fine by some Organists in England and America. That the swell may be tastefully used we do not doubt; but its abuse is so much more frequent than its judicious use, even by some who are otherwise truly good Organists, that it is almost doubtful whether it would not have been better if this improvement had never been invented.

The service commenced with quite a long voluntary of ten minutes or more, consisting of an introduction and fugue. The subject of the fugue was, perhaps, a little too chromatic for the dignity of worship, but it was played slowly and with great precision and certainty. Fugue-playing is usually slower by the good Organists in Germany, than it is in some other places. The fugue is often taken in so quick time as to produce a confused mixture of subject and answer, depriving the composition of meaning, and rendering it almost unintelligible, and quite embarrassing to the hearer. One reason of this is obvious; it is vastly easier to play a fugue upon the run, with constant acceleration, than it is to play it in moderately slow and strict time. At the close of the voluntary, the minister, followed by the session, entered; the latter took their places in seats appropriated to them, on each side, facing the congregation. The Organ then gave out the tune *Josco* (*Cantica Laudis* p. 296.)—the melody was made very prominent, the bass was played by the pedals, and an intermediate figured accompaniment filled up the harmony, producing a fine effect. The hymn, the subject of which was *prayer to Jesus for his spirit*, was finely sung by the whole assembly, all singing the melody. At the end of the first line of the stanza, which was doxological, the minister rose in the pulpit, *not to find his place in the Bible as if he was in a hurry to cut off the last act of praise*, but apparently, as an act of reverence, as he kept standing, without any movement, and was soon followed in his example by all the male part of his congregation. A short prayer followed the hymn; then an address (extempore) of four or five minutes; after this the regular morning prayer was read; another hymn was sung as before, and the sermon followed. There were two hymns sung afterwards, making four times singing, during the exercises. Here was a very simple, appropriate, devotional service for a Sabbath morning,—almost the same, indeed, as is the religious service in our Presbyterian, Baptist, or Congregational churches; and vastly superior to the Lutheran, or English Cathedral repetitions and forms. But, if in addition to good choirs, we could have the Congregational singing exercise, it would be a vast improvement on our present forms of worship. The beauty of the singing exercise, or its adaptedness to worship, is to a great extent lost with us, and we need, in order to its recovery, the congregation in connection with the choir, in the singing of "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

We heard also, a very excellent example of congregational singing, in the St. Catherine Church. The congregation consisted of at least some 1200 persons. The exercises commenced by an Organ voluntary of about four or five minutes, at the close of which the whole congregation joined in the old choral, everywhere heard in Germany, the first line of which is 1, 5 3, 1 5, 6 6, 5 &c., in the key of E flat major. Two stanzas were sung, each taking four minutes. At the close of the second stanza, the Organist, continuing to play, changed gradually his key to A minor, closing an intermediate voluntary of about three minutes, diminishing to pianissimo so as to hush the house to perfect silence; then, after a



moment's pause, the people joined again to the lead of the Organ, in a fine old choral, also very popular, beginning as follows: e, a, g, f e, d—, e—, &c. Four stanzas were sung, of three minutes each. Here, then, were two hymns sung in connection; which, with the Organ prelude and interlude, occupied full half-an-hour in the performance. Men's voices predominated, marking in strength the bold outlines of the tune; while female voices were heard and seemed to come in echoing, enriching, beautifying, and rendering that charming and lovely, which otherwise would have been too severely grand and majestic. The Organ was firm and steady, leading along the whole combined chorus with the utmost certainty, and giving full confidence to all the voices. — *N. Y. Musical World and Times.*

[From the Greek of DIONYSIUS.]

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Mute be the skies and still,  
Silent each haunted hill  
And valley deep!  
Let earth, and ocean's breast,  
And all the breezes rest—  
Let every echo sleep!

Unshorn his ringlets bright,  
He comes—the lord of light—  
Lord of the lyre.  
Morn lifts her lids of snow,  
Tinged with a rosy glow,  
To greet thee, glorious sire.

Climbing, with winged feet  
Of fiery coursers fleet,  
Heaven's arch profound,  
Far through the realms of air,  
From out thy sunny hair,  
Thou fittest radiance round.

Thine are the living streams  
Of bright immortal beams—  
The founts of day!  
Before thy path careers  
The chorus of the spheres  
With wild rejoicing lay.

The sad and silver moon  
Before thy gorgeous noon  
Slow gliding by,  
Joys in her placid soul  
To see around her roll  
Those armies of the sky.

*Graham's Magazine.*

**SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.** Germany and Italy may each be regarded as the abiding realm of sweet sounds, a special nursery and home of music. They are the two countries from which, since the days of modern civilization, the great supplies of musical thought and feeling have been diffused abroad, for the delight of nations; the feelings, for the most part, proceeding from Italy, and the thoughts from Germany, conformably to the characteristics of the two people respectively. Impulse and passion predominate on the Italian side—intellect and fancy on the German; and the division into two great schools, or systems, marked severally by these opposite qualities, takes its date from about the commencement of the eighteenth century. The two musical natures, thus distinguished from each other, have found each a different channel for its expression—that of Italy becoming essentially vocal; that of Germany, instrumental. Italian music is fresh from the heart, spontaneous, and glows with melody. German music, true to the spirit of its birth-place, is either grave and solid, or wild and fantastic. Less simple than the Italian in its elements, the German musical genius has sought its chief glory amid the intricate combinations of orchestral science, where its laborious and meditative turn can have fullest exposition.—“*The Violin*,” by Dubourg.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1852.

### The Musical Convention.

(Continued.)

We were interrupted last week in our account of the daily routine just in the middle and while recalling one of the most interesting exercises, or rather episodes of the day;—the specimens of *organ-playing* volunteered by several professors of the noble instrument.

The first we chanced to hear was by Mr. SOUTHARD, who, in the absence of another expected, yielded to an extempore call and answered it in its own kind, namely, by improvising for a few minutes in a plain, solid style, closing with a fugued movement. The next day, Mr. WILCOX, a young organist from New Haven, and pupil of the learned and severe old Dr. HODGES of Trinity Church, New York, complied with the general request;—but very modestly and briefly. He commenced with an original *cantabile* theme, of considerable melodic beauty, which he worked up in various ways, showing skill and taste in the combination of stops, and through a goodly variety of harmony and form still keeping closely to his text; and ended with a bold, cheerful Allegro in short imitative phrases. It was short but highly creditable.

One day Mr. SOUTHARD gave a brief explanation of the simple elements which enter into the composition of a Fugue, writing down a little theme upon the black-board and showing how it should be answered in the other parts or voices, and how worked up. Having thus clearly fixed the theme in the minds of his audience, he sat down at the organ and proceeded to unfold this germ into the complicated one-in-many of a fugue. The lesson was worth repeating and the next day the same gentleman gave a fuller lecture on the organ, explaining the general structure, the use and quality of the stops, &c., and re-defining the Fugue, preparatory to the performance by Mr. H. S. CUTLER of a famous fugue by BACH, in seven sharps. This is from his “Well-tempered Clavichord;” better suited, therefore, to the piano than the organ; the theme being of a somewhat lengthy and florid character; but it was on the whole effective, neatly executed and much applauded.—Another fugue of BACH, with a simpler, bolder theme, was finely played by Mr. WM. R. BABCOCK.

We repeat it, we hope that this feature will be made more prominent and more constant in future musical conventions. Good organists, who cultivate the true and learned organ style, cannot do a better thing to make their studies and their art appreciated, than to take advantage of these ten days' gatherings of singers from the country, and volunteer in turn good specimens of the music whereof they aspire to be fit interpreters. All the gentlemen above-named are among our young and native organists, and all but one Bostonians; and these are by no means all that have grown up among us. The fact is certainly encouraging. By all means, let the great Organ have its hour henceforth in each day of these festivals!

### 6. NOON-DAY DISCUSSIONS.

Not a little strengthened were we in the above wish, when we came to listen to what usually followed in the order of the day. Soon after twelve,

(or earlier if there were no organ-playing) the Convention placed a president and secretary upon the stage and proceeded to read resolutions and debate about musical topics. We cannot say that there was no good in those debates, as we were only now and then for a few moments present; but it was enough to see the old fatality of promiscuous debates repeated, namely: that of the speaking falling mostly into the hands of those who had least to say, and most words to say it in. Besides, the topics appeared manufactured to very indefinite order, *apropos* to scarcely anything; and personalities would peep out, which would better have remained submerged under the prolonged glorious waves of one of those organ fugues aforesaid.

### 7. PRACTICE OF PSALMODY.

The afternoons were spent, first in a second hour of Glee and Chorus singing, and for the rest, from four to five o'clock, in the plain old primitive business of these Conventions, the singing over in full choir of various styles of hymn tunes and chorals. This was once the all in all of these occasions: the practice of psalmody and the *tasting*, like so many epicures in the article, of somebody's bran-new collection of psalm tunes, original or compiled. Immense has been the market for such and immense (at least so far as quantity was concerned) the manufacture. The Conventions have outgrown the exclusiveness of this business, but it would not be a “Convention” without it preserved this feature.

As to the singing itself, many good hints were given by the conducting professor (Mr. BAKER, or Mr. JOHNSON, or Mr. SOUTHARD, or sometimes a younger assistant, Mr. G. W. PRATT, taking his turn quite efficiently, we thought) on the important points of unanimity in beginning and ending; the vanish of the voice on the long note and avoidance of the equi-voluminous *organ* character of tone; the contrast of loud and soft; the balance and mutual subordination of the four parts, &c., &c.; and there was manifest improvement from day to day. The body of sopranos was very rich and clear and telling; and so generally the tenors;—rather too much so sometimes for the basses, which often lacked distinctness, roundness, positiveness. Some noble, solemn, rich effects were produced; but what we chiefly missed, and what for want of equal numbers could not be had as in the great Conventions in the Tremont Temple in years past, was the sublime effect of those old Chorals sung in *unison* by over a thousand voices!

As to the pieces sung, we cannot hope to speak without betraying our peculiar heresy on this whole subject of American psalmody. There was a new book on the docket, as usual, emanating from the professors. (Indeed specimens of several other new “Collections,” by out-siders we saw also handed round.) We saw not the inside of the book, and know not what proportion was new and what old. The tunes most marked out by curiosity for *tasting* seemed to be original ones. Some were simple, grave, expressive and a match for old favorites of their class. But some, both hymn-tunes and anthems, we found altogether common-place, mechanical and uninteresting. How could it be otherwise. The very brief form of the hymn-tune must over and over have exhausted its possibilities. What need of such an endless multitude of seeming variations of the old type? What need of a great many psalm-

tunes any way? Real, decided novelty is almost never realized, and after all the peculiar charm and power of such tunes lies greatly in their antiquity, in their familiarity, and in the fact that they may be sung together by a multitude of voices, renewing simple, solemn, deep associations. It does seem to us a waste of ink and paper to write a new volume of psalm-tunes, were one ever so clever at it. Would not Music be more, mean more, and effect more, in all public worship, if the psalm-singing part of it were reduced to a few plain, noble, time-hallowed tunes, so very familiar that all could lend a voice in rendering them sublimely; and for the rest, let all this busy talent for arranging and composing exercise itself in supplying richer, longer, more artistic forms of music, like motettes, movements from Masses, &c., &c., (giving the preference as a general rule to classical works already existing, but beyond the reach of the people), and thus suffer music as an Art to do its office in refining the taste and elevating and purifying the feelings?

To our mind, psalmody, by its very nature, should represent the fixed, the plain, the seldom varied element of musical devotion. The moment we come to the variable element, to the artistic exercise of invention and creation in the sphere of sacred music, we naturally go out of these very limited and simple forms; else all the invention we achieve is nothing better than mechanical, unmeaning variation of the good old copy.

But we are told, there is a demand for these new books. They *sell*; the more there are produced, the better sale apparently; the psalm-book has become one of the great Yankee staples in trade; and so on. So much the worse. *Hinc illae lachrymae*; hence all our quarrel with the psalm-book makers. By flooding the country choirs and singing schools year after year with these models of the commonplace in music, they do seem to be almost wickedly pre-occupying the popular ear and taste against all entrance of the nobler, higher models; they keep creating and keep feeding such a lazy appetite for psalm-tunes (which while they seem new never introduce a new musical idea), that really artistic and inspired music is turned away from as something too "learned" and too "scientific." We state the case strongly and without qualification, because we are crowded into so small a space. Some day we may dress out our heresy in more becoming shape, more careful that it do itself no injustice by overstatement. Meanwhile our consolation in the matter is, that in spite of the psalm-books, somehow, by the working together of various influences, — the hearing of singers, bands and orchestras, — and the mere agitation of the musical atmosphere, better and better ideas of real music are working their way among the people. Have patience with us, O our psalm-book making friends, in this little outbreak of our impatience; and also have pity enough on the poor distracted brains, not to expect of us to find out the nice shades of comparative excellence between the ever-increasing thousands of new tunes, (one might almost say volumes) that you manufacture. Much as we shrink and turn pale at the sight of a "new Collection," we own a debt of public gratitude to most of you for keeping up an interest in the cause of music; and if the psalm-books will pay for the better things you do out of a true musical impulse in other ways, why — the argument is worth considering.

#### 8. CHORUS AND ORATORIO PRACTICE.

This occupied the evenings, when the attendance was fullest, and increasingly so from evening to evening. It was rather a rehearsal than a study, for there were public concerts to be given, and for this the whole class was being drilled, quite hurriedly, in several new (to most of them) and formidable choruses. Some of these were read from sheets of the forthcoming "Classical Chorus Book," by Messrs. Baker and Southard. There was a brilliant and difficult offertory piece, by Hummel, arranged with English words; another by Cherubini, and another in a lighter and altogether operatic style, from *Il Pirata*, by Bellini, the music of which called up the scene of one of those graceful, merry, motley rustic choruses upon the stage, although it was here set and sung to sacred words! This was not in taste: as a secular piece there could have been no harm in it, and the music has great beauty in its way. The character of the music in this chorus book seemed generally so high and truly "classical," that we could not but the more notice this offence.

In these rehearsals we were struck, particularly at first, by three drawbacks. 1. The accompaniments, many of them elaborate and designed for orchestra, were rendered by the organ, together with two pianos. Seldom could they be in perfect time together, and almost never in good tune. This was even more perceptible in the choruses from Neukomm's "David." 2. The quicker movements, many of them difficult and new to the singers, seemed to us to be taken at the first trial too fast, so that for want of familiarity with notes and words, the larger portion of the voices did not get in at all. 3. The difficulty was enhanced by the accession of raw recruits in each successive practice; so that while a few experienced singers would lead bravely off, a great majority either "played dummy" or sang timidly, or wrong.

This led us seriously to doubt the policy of undertaking to get up in a week's time public performances of new and difficult choruses by a choir, always varying in number, and the majority of whom cannot be supposed competent to do any justice to such music. A distinction should be made, and we are confident, will be made, when these occasions shall have become more completely organized. The social study of such choruses, the *tasting* or trying over of such new music, by these classes of novitiates, may be very well, as giving them a smattering acquaintance with great music and provoking a desire to go more deeply into such. But let such exercises be in the way of *exercises* simply. The performance publicly of oratorios, &c., should be for the hearing and example of the classes, instead of being their own blind and half-extempore work. For this let the trained singers of the neighborhood be brought in; or at least, let it be required that any member of the class, before participating therein, shall have first passed through certain prescribed courses and degrees, as pledges of his or of her competency.

We cheerfully admit that there are certain of the most sublime effects in music, which can be realized, and only realized among us, by these combinations of many hundreds of voices gathered at a venture from all the choirs and singing classes of the country. But then it must be *simple* music, or at least, familiar music. Nothing could

be more sublime than some of those Chorales, which we have heard for years past in the old Tremont Temple; for these, the vocal masses, with a few days' training, were made wholly competent. Furthermore, a few of the grandest, of the immortal choruses, like Handel's "Hallelujah," "Now round about the starry throne," &c., by dint of resumed practice, at Convention after Convention, becoming as it were a solemn annual ceremony, had grown to be eminently effective: — and does the charm of these grand old mountains in the realm of music ever wear out? — We like the idea of Messrs. Baker, Johnson, Southard &c., of stimulating an interest in their pupils in *new* music, and extending their acquaintance with the works of genius, but we think this can be done in the way that we have just suggested, better than by oratorio concerts of so extempore a nature. Let them *hear* this good music, and, as one other great means, let them have it cheaply published, compiled, brought within their reach that they may study it themselves, — and the taste for it, the love for it, the knowledge of it will be sure to grow.

While upon this theme, we add one more suggestion. Why not at each of these annual meetings select some standard Oratorio, or Mass, or sacred Cantata, of which copies can be had, assign each singer his part, and have it understood it shall be studied during the coming year by individuals alone, in quartets, or in twentys, as they may have opportunity, and come prepared to sing it with some understanding at the next Convention? Our neighbor Reed is just publishing a cheap edition of "Elijah;" what could be better for the purpose?

The choruses, to be sure, grew smoother and richer, night by night, during this practice. We truly marvelled at the progress made. Yet at the rehearsal, the very night before "David" was to be performed in public, who that was present did not think it a most perilous adventure? How it resulted, we must crave still another week to tell.

#### Musical Intelligence.

##### Local.

We were misinformed as to the "Germanians" being about to take part with the Boston societies in the opening of the new Music Hall. With the exception of the solo talent, it will be wholly a local occasion.

CONCERT AT THE MELODEON TO-NIGHT. It will be seen by the advertisement that Mme. WIDEMANN, Mons. GENIBREL and Sig. BASSINI offer a brilliant entertainment. From the outbursts of enthusiasm with which they were each received by the audience at the late Musical Convention, before whom they volunteered a specimen of their talent, they should feel entitled to a large and eagerly expectant audience now.

Mme. Widemann, as we said before, is a highly dramatic, energetic and impassioned singer, with a fine mezzo soprano voice, and superior execution. At the Opera in Paris she is said to have been even more applauded than ALBONI, in one of Rossini's contralto male parts, which she sang immediately after that great artist. This we easily conceive of, when we consider that the singer and the audience were French, and that Alboni's forte lies not (see article on our first page) in the forcible and dramatic kind of music. From Mme. W.'s efforts at the concert last week, we should suppose she would be more effective on the stage, in her line of characters, than any prima donna we have had. The programme to-night includes a scena, in costume, from the *Semiramide*.

M. Genibrel seemed decidedly of the modern, Verdi school — a baritone of very rich and beautiful quality, especially in the upper notes, and of energetic delivery.



Sig. Bassini's violin playing was truly finished and artistic; his tone is exquisite, and he has the true charm of expression.

The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND resume their pleasant (now no longer "Summer") Afternoon Concerts on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. We understand they are expecting the arrival of what they have most needed, a superior bassoon player.

The "Serenade Band" proper (the brass band) play at Commencement at Brunswick College next week, also at Portland, and then for a fête at one of the hotels at the White Mountains!

MADAME ALBONI, whose Concerts will commence on Tuesday the 7th September in New York, will visit Boston about the first week in October. As the new Music Hall will not be available until November, she will give her concerts in the Melodeon.—We give this on the authority of Mr. Brough, Mme. Alboni's agent.

PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Fifth Annual Session (or Convention) will commence in Bangor on Tuesday, Sept. 21st, and last four days. Messrs. W. B. BRADBURY, of New York, and B. F. BAKER, of Boston, will direct the exercises.

NEWPORT. A correspondent of the *Commonwealth* says:

"The lover of music has great privileges here. Besides the many concerts, always of a high order, there is sometimes at the hotels, but constantly in private circles, a great variety of choice music. In Mr. Schurfsberg's little cosy parlor, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Spohr and other worthy associates, are daily worshipped by a few of the true worshippers; while stars and constellations are continually shooting from their spheres Newportward, to complete the circle of happy influences by which this favored resort is protected and blest. . . .

"The *Newport Daily News* is a sort of breakfast-table necessity to the fashionable visitor, like his egg or coffee. The editor is occasionally a little facetious in his puffs, as, for example, in equalling Madame Bishop to Jenny Lind;—and announcing Alfred Jaell as the 'first living pianist!' In spite of these vigorous attempts to amuse Jaell, he has only been 'induced' to give us one concert."

The GERMANIANS, by request, gave a Matinée of Classical Chamber Music, at the Ocean House last Wednesday, assisted by Mr. SCHARFENBERG, of New York. The programme included a string Quartet (posthumous) by Schubert, a grand Septet, by Hummel (with piano), and the Nonet (for violin, viola, 'cello, contrabasso, flute, clarinet, bassoon and French horn) by Spohr.

#### New York.

ALBONI resumes her series of Concerts (commenced in June, but deferred after her second appearance by the alterations then making in Metropolitan Hall,) on Tuesday, Sept. 7th. She will be assisted, as before, by Sig. ROVERE, Sig. SANGIOVANNI, and a grand orchestra led by Sig. ARDITI. Tickets are placed at one dollar, reserved seats two dollars. The hall has undergone important alterations, being made easier of egress, and a "grand front entrance from Broadway" will be completed by the time of the first concert.

MADAME SONTAG was to have sailed for New York in the Arctic, on Wednesday last. She had recently been giving concerts at Ems, Wiesbaden, Baden, making great commotion among the bathers, and finally at Hamburg. Londoners, Frankforters, &c., prolonged their stay to hear her once more.

With regard to her musical assistants, reports have continually changed. The last is that she will have FERRANTI, the baritone, as we announced at first, and a distinguished tenor by the name of POZZOLINI. Proposals had been made to WILHELMINA CLAUS, to ROSA KASTNER, and to EMILE PRUDENT, to accompany her as pianist. Mlle. Claus has declined, and it is now supposed that the brilliant PRUDENT will accept the brilliant offer made to him.

A GRAND MILITARY MUSICAL FESTIVAL is to come off at Castle Garden, on the afternoon and evening of next Saturday, in aid of the American Musical Fund Society, of New York. The Military Bands of New York, Brooklyn, Troy, Philadelphia, &c., have volunteered their services.

This splendid combination of bands, never attempted before in this country, and giving New York one more

point of resemblance to Paris, will form a great Military Orchestra of over two hundred instruments, reed, brass, and percussion. They will play overtures, waltzes, gallops, marches, with the entire strength of the orchestra, besides one or two separate pieces by each band. Vocal and instrumental solo performers have also volunteered.

CASTLE GARDEN. The French Comic Opera troupe have been performing *Zampa*.

MEXICO. All reports attribute great success to Maretzek and his Italian opera troupe, with Salvi, Bertucca, Beneventano, &c. The receipts were said to average \$6000 per night.

A southern paper tells a curious story of the musical appreciation of the Mexicans. Maretzek gave offence by bringing out the *Don Giovanni*. The *habitués* petitioned him that he would not repeat the uninteresting opera written by "one Mozart," but substitute in place of it the immortal *Baca's Leonora*! The immortal *Baca* is a Mexican composer of a quite inferior order.

#### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was re-opened on the 9th for the benefit of Mr. Balfé, who had secured the services of the company for *Don Giovanni*. Says the *London Herald*:

"The Donna Anna of Madame Fiorentini is well known as a very creditable and striking vocal effort. It was in this great part that this clever artist first came out, and it has not ceased to be one of her best. De Bassini's *Don Giovanni* sorely lacked lightness and grace. The polite and elastic gaiety of the wicked *roué* was very faintly visible; though, on the other hand, much of the music was sung with the greatest mechanical propriety. He was encored in the charming serenade in the second act. Madame Eveline Garcia gave an able portrayal of Elvira, but the Zerlina of Madame Taccanti Tasca was exceedingly inferior—so inferior as to be scarcely tolerable. Calzolari was the Ottavio; Lablache, the elder, Leporello; and Lablache, the younger, Masetto—three personations with which the town has long been familiar."

Previously had been performed the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg's opera, "Casilda," which had made the tour of many foreign opera houses. The cast included Mmes. La Grange and Charton, and Sig. Calzolari, De Bassini and Susini. Says the *Athenæum*:

"To enter into any detail regarding either the story or the music of this opera would be superfluous,—since the latter, so far as regards invention, color, or constructive skill, belongs to amateurship in so early a stage as hardly to be amenable to criticism. The cleverness shown in passages of the instrumentation is such as almost to warrant the fancy of the opera having been scored by another hand than that of its originator.—Madame de la Grange was loudly encored for some of her peculiar marvels of vocalization in a grand air in the second act; and Madame Charton showed so marked an advance on her first Italian performance in her style of singing, as to deserve credit great in proportion as our misgivings and remonstrance were strong."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Signor Negrini, a tenor, who has been announced since the commencement of the season, made his first appearance last night as Pollio, in *Norma*. This gentleman made his *début* about six years ago at Milan, in *I Due Foscari*, and has sung, we believe, at most of the principal theatres in Italy. His reputation has been chiefly acquired in Verdi's operas; and to this may be attributed the fact of what must originally have been a fine and powerful voice, having already deteriorated in quality. Fulness of tone and sonority, however, are still, in a great degree, its characteristics, and make up for what, at a first hearing, appears to be a limited register. In his style of singing Signor Negrini betrays an adhesion to that school which, most successful in the boisterous music of Verdi, is most at fault where real vocal expression and legitimate execution are demanded. He has a habit of vociferating on all the higher notes, which is very monotonous, and long before the conclusion of the first *cavatina*, last night, his passages were obviously affected. In the second act of the opera, Signor Negrini had become husky, which militated seriously against his *mezzo voce* singing. We remarked nothing, indeed, in his performance that justified us in entitling him even a second-rate singer of more than ordinary pretensions. His voice is not a pure tenor voice, but rather a low tenor or barytone. He has no flexibility, and he is unable to sing piano. The part of Pollio is certainly not the most favorable for a *débutante*, but a grand *aria*, a trio, and two long duets give ample opportunity for a singer to show what stuff he is made of.—*Times*, Aug. 11th.

Jullien's *Pietro il Grande* was postponed to the 12th.

#### Paris.

THEATRE ITALIEN. The *France Musicale* indignantly denies the truth of a paragraph in a London paper of which we quoted the substance a few weeks since, to the

effect that Lumley was henceforth to confine himself to the management of this establishment in Paris, and that the French government designed to make good his former losses. The Frenchman thinks it would be the ruin of their Italian Opera. "M. Lumley," he says, "is a born diplomatist and an advocate by temperament; but as for the qualities indispensable for directing and managing a theatre, he has them not, and never will have them."

GRAND OPERA. *L'Enfant Prodigue* of Auber has been revived; but the great event recently has been the re-appearance of the tenor, Mathieu, who made his first appearance at the Opera five years ago. Parisian papers are loud in his praise. *La France Musicale* says:

"During his absence from Paris, this young artist has appeared on the boards of the most important theatres in the provinces. He afterwards proceeded to Milan, in order to finish his musical education under the celebrated professor of singing, Lamperti. Mathieu chose for his re-appearance the character of Edgardo in the *Lucia*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of Donizetti, which the public is never tired of hearing. From the very first notes he sang, it was evident to every one present that his voice had gained greatly in brilliancy, extent, and flexibility. His bursts of feeling in the celebrated scene of the malediction were magnificent, and on several occasions he almost equalled his most celebrated predecessors in the part. There are certain exaggerations of manner about him which he has acquired in the provinces, and of which he must get rid."

BERLIN. A late number of the *Gazette Musicale*, contains a letter from Herr Rellstab of Berlin speaking in the highest praise of the young Swedish lady whom we recently announced,—and whose name proves to be not Westerland, but Westerstrand. "She possesses the art of singing," writes Herr Rellstab, "in perfection; her organ is peerless as to quality and as to charm: in its compass rising to *l'altissimo*; so that the part of the *Queen of Night* in 'Die Zauberflöte' naturally falls to her." Mlle. Westerstrand will commence her German career in the Opera-house at Berlin.

## Grand Concert

### AT THE MELODEON,

By Madame ANNA WIDEMANN and Monsieur GENIBREL, of the Royal Conservatoire, Paris, and Signor BASSINI, the distinguished Italian Violinist, on SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### Part I.

1. Carnival of Rome, for the Violin, on a theme of the 15th century, composed and executed, by Signor BASSINI.
2. Aria—"Tous les soldats," from *Le Prophète*—MEYERBEER—sung by Monsieur GENIBREL.
3. Aria—"Va le reca," composed for Malibran by VACCAI—sung by Madame WIDEMANN.
4. Aria—"The Vengeance,"—VERDI—sung by Monsieur GENIBREL.
5. Romanza—"La Bianchina"—GORDIGIANI—sung by Mme. WIDEMANN.
6. Song, with English words—"The light of other days"—BALFÉ—sung by Madame WIDEMANN.
7. Grief and Joy, a Capriccio for the Violin—composed by Signor BASSINI.

##### Part II.

Grand Air, Duo and Scena, embracing the Second Act of *Semiramide*—Madame Widemann being dressed in full costume as a Roman General, and Monsieur Genibrel as the Prince of Babylon—representing an encounter between two rival lovers.

The impersonation of the characters of this scene, by these two distinguished artists, has every where been received with the highest satisfaction.

Doors open at 7; concert commences at quarter to 8 o'clock. Cards of admission 50 cents each, for sale at the Box Office, the Hotels and Music Stores.

#### New Series—Change of Day.

### AFTERNOON CONCERTS, AT THE MELODEON, By the Germania Serenade Band.

THESE CONCERTS will re-commence on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 8th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and be continued EVERY WEDNESDAY, at the same hour.

Packages containing four tickets, at 50 cents a package, can be obtained at the usual places, and at the door on the afternoons of the Concerts, where single tickets at 25 cents each, may also be had.

Tickets issued for the former series are good for this. 21 st G. SCHNAPP, Leader, 364 Tremont St.

#### NOTICE.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that Mr. F. H. HELMUTTER's duties as the Agent for the Company, ceased on the 20th of August, and that from this day, Mr. HENRY BANDT will attend to all their business affairs.

Newport, August 24, 1852.

21 3c

#### Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

DR. F. A. VON MOSCHZISER, German Oculist, may be consulted on all the maladies of the Eye and Ear, at No. 21 Somerset Street. Boston, July 28. 17 2m





